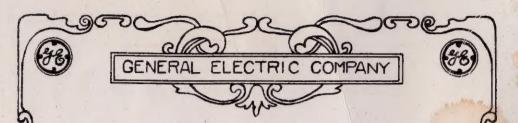
# The Student's Pen

VOL. V

NO. 6



May 1920



TO THE TRADE THIS MONOGRAM IS A SYMBOL, A GUARANTEE IF YOU WILL, OF QUALITY AND SERVICE. IT WILL BE THIS TO YOU, VERY PROBABLY

SOON, WHEN PURCHASING EQUIPMENT

HOME OR

YOU ARE ELECTRICAL FOR YOUR SHOP.

BUT NOW, TODAY, TO YOU, THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY BRINGS AN OPPORTUNITY OF ANOTHER KIND, AS WELL. YOU MAY NOT SEE YOUR WAY TO GO TO COLLEGE OR TO GO ON IN SCHOOL.

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY HAS ESTABLISHED COURSES IN TOOL-MAKING, PATTERN MAKING, DRAFTING AND ELECTRICAL TESTING.

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC SYSTEM OF APPRENTICE TRAINING HAS PROVIDED MEANS AND SCHOOLING AND INSTRUCTION AND A FUTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF AMBITIOUS BOYS. WHY NOT FOR YOU.



"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"

## The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly By The Students Of The Pittsfield High School
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

	MAY 1920	VOL. V. NO. 6
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"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, Do it with thy might."

It is impossible to do more than one's best and it is foolish to do less than one's best.

Many young people have no idea what their best really means. They are in the habit of measuring their ability by the achievements of their associa-

tes, looking outside instead of inside, to know how much they should attempt. But some one else's best is not your best. You may be able to surpass all your associates and still be far from doing your best.

This is especially true in regard to writing for the Student's Pen. How many times do you say, after reading a story in the Pen—"Why do they print such stuff? I could do better than that myself." Why not try? Don't submit your first attempt if you feel that you can do better. Throw it in the waste basket and try again. Don't be satisfied with anything less than your best. And remember this—if, after carefully re-reading your theme and rewriting it if necessary, you can honestly say that you have done your best, you need have very little fear that your article will not be accepted. The Pen needs contributors who are doing their best.

-Harriet Bligh '22





### When a Radio Amateur Helped

The roar of an airplane motor broke the silence of the aviation field as an airplane prepared to "take off." It was just six o'clock when Lieut. Ralph Elliot rose from the flying field. In the rear cockpit was his mechanician and helper, Bill Martin. Their big De Haviland raced through the clear morning air, headed west on the first lap of the great transcontinental air race.

Although there were telephones in both cockpits, there was almost no conversation. Time passed quickly, nevertheless, and at noon, Bill took control of the machine while Elliot ate. Then Elliot took the controls again, and they proceeded as before. The afternoon was half gone when Elliot became conscious of something wrong with the motor. At first it was just a little noise, but soon the engine began to sputter, and finally stopped. Elliot found a good landing place below, and spiralled down.

Upon landing, both he and Bill jumped out. Elliot looked over the motor with a practiced eye and soon detected the trouble. Part of the engine was cracked, and would have to be replaced. It could not be obtained anywhere but at the nearest large city, for airplane parts are not kept everywhere. Leaving Bill, Elliot set out in search of a house. He soon found a road, and a few hundreds yards along, was a house. He knocked at the door.

A middle-aged woman came to the door, and looked at him in surprise. He was a curious sight in his leather helmet and other flying clothes, but he did not think of that. His aim was to get word out from the place. He explained his situation, and learned that there was no telephone for miles. Her boy had a wireless set, though, she said. Elliot asked to see it, so she took him upstairs to the boy's room.

Elliot was something of a wireless amateur himself before the war, but had had no set recently. The boy's set looked good to him as he entered the room. After telling Frank, the boy, the circumstances, Elliot asked the range of the wireless.

"About forty miles transmitting, and two thousand receiving," said the boy.

"Where is this place, anyway?" asked Elliot.

"We're about three hundred miles from Detroit. The nearest town is thirty miles. I've a friend there who can telegraph any message you wish."

"All right," said Elliot, writing out a telegram to the Great Lakes Naval Station. "Send this, and have them rush it." The telegram contained a request for the needed part.

The boy threw a switch, and a rotary gap over in one corner began to whirl. When it had gathered speed, Frank pressed the key. A crash started Elliot. He had no idea that the boy had so much power in his set. He remembered the code well enough to read what the boy sent.

1 A W, 1 A W, 1 A W, de Q N R, Q N R, Q N R, was the call This was repeated several times and then the boy listened for a reply There was none, evidently, for he again pressed his key in the call for 1 A W. This time a reply came, and the boy, after receiving the answer, explained the situation to his friend. He then sent the telegram which was to be rushed through as fast as possible. When the switch was thrown for receiving Elliot picked up a pair of phones lying on the table. He copied the message that came back.

"There is another airplane here," said the dots and dashes. "It's all broken, except the engine. That was left O. K. by some chance." When the boy saw Elliot copying this, he looked up in surprise. "Know the code?" he asked.

"Yes," said Elliot "Used to have a set myself."

He quickly wrote another telegram to the Navy Station. The news opened a different way of escape. If he could get permission to use the motor from the wrecked plane, he could proceed. The telegram was transmitted and then, turning to Elliot, the boy asked if that was all. Learning that it was, he disconnected his instruments and got up from the table.

"I'm going back to the machine," said Elliot "Want to see it?"

"Sure," said Frank.

So the two went downstairs where Elliot was given an invitation to supper for himself and Bill. It was gladly accepted, and he left the house with Frank to tell Bill the good news—They worked on the plane a few minutes making some minor repairs, and then went in to supper—After the meal they went upstairs to "listen in" on the messages which Frank knew were flying back and forth. They listened to N A J, the Great Lakes Station, New York, N A H and a few other stations—Coming back to N A J, they heard them calling Arlington, N A A.—A message was then transmitted which asked for the permission which Elliot needed.

The two heard Arlington reply O. K. and waited impatiently for the reply. In about half an hour the reply came. "Permission granted by officials." Elliott at once jumped to his feet.

"Tell that friend of yours to get that motor here right away. We don't have to wait for a telegram."

Frank obeyed, and received the answer that the motor was on its way by truck. By the time it arrived, the motor was almost out of Elliot's machine, and when it was finally taken out, the two began the task of installing the other. When they finished, it was almost dawn. They got a hot meal at the farmhouse, and at once departed, with many thanks to the Turners, and to Frank especially.

Two weeks after the news came that Elliot had won the race, a box containing a wonderful awdion panel and some honeycomb coils arrived at Turners. There was no doubt in Frank's mind as to who had sent them, even before he read the card enclosed.

G. Conway

### The Pluck of Miss Amanda

Miss Amanda, dressed like a queen, was gliding down the cool paved sidewalk. The suppressed excitement of the hurrying public could be felt rather than seen. For to-day, Miss Amanda was dressed in the style of modern times. Now she had not always dressed in style. For the last twenty years she had walked, primly dressed, like the ladies of a generation ago. Before to-day, one was accustomed to see her two little prim curls of brown hair beside each ear. The dainty little leghorn hat, trimmed with much lace and velvet belonged to a generation now gone. Her long full ruffled skirt, flaring gracefully about her as she walked, reminded the public of a rich attire of a lady of the "seventies." Yes, Miss Amanda, before to-day, had reminded the public of the styles gone by. Many passed her by, but instead of smiling indulgently, as they usually did, they looked surprised, wonderingly asked wondering questions. For, why had Miss Amanda worn such clothes? She certainly was not poor. She and her youngest sister, May, lived in the old Winsted mansion on the "Avenue."

I also saw Miss Amanda—and I wondered with the rest. I wondered, and for want of a companion, asked myself the question "Why did rich Miss Amanda wear such clothes?" I wondered dreamily down the street and entered a country store. I joined a group in the corner where John Hampden, an old resident of the town sat, telling a story to an attentive young man.

"Wal,' said he, looking at me and including me in the group, I can remember when old Allen Winsted's gals were the belles of this town. One of em's married now. Miss Amanda used to be considered the prettiest of 'em all. May's a mighty nice looking gal now."

"Yes," said the young man, "she certainly is."

"She stays at home almost all the time now; rather than wear such clothes as Miss Amanda wears. She makes May do all the work. When Miss Amanda was young she was the "lady" and she didn't work."

"Yes," said the young man, "she keeps May penned in all the time. It's a shame."

"You know," said John Hampden, "that Miss Amanda dresses now like the gals of the old days used to dress." "Wal'," looking at me, "she used to dress better than her younger sister Isabelle. Her father, Allen Winsted, did not like the vanity of his prettiest daughter. He told her that she was not like her mother, who had departed from this world leaving a young baby May; that she was exceedingly vain and lived on admiration and praise; that her beauty was a curse and not a blessing to her. He provided in his will that if, from a named date, Miss Amanda wore her same clothes for twenty years, regardless of style (she had enough to last a century) she should have all the property on the west side. Her sister agreed to this, as she also was disgusted with the fickleness of her very pretty sister. Allen Winsted and his sister both told Miss Amanda they didn't think she had enough power to over-

come the love of stylish clothes. She took up the challenge, to prove she could overcome the love of clothes."

"She has done it all right. Guess you saw her as she came up the street," said John Hampden looking at me. "She was coming from the lawyer's. She has accomplished the feat."

"It is rumored, that May is to be married in June," said John Hampden, looking at the young man. "Is that true, sir?"

"It is," answered that young man.

"Wal'," said John Hampden, "I guess I'll congratulate you. Let's shake." And the two, looking at each other, shook hands.

I turned to go-for I had come in with a question in my mind, and now I had found its answer.

Miss Amanda wore those clothes because she promised to do so. She had proven to the world that she could conquer the love of clothes.

### Bugs

They called him "Bugs" but, through his hobby, from which Larry Seymour received his name, he saved the lives of a score of men, and also some valuable papers.

A year before, Larry had rigged up a powerful wireless outfit after he had seen the installing of a government station near by. He had studied the workings and finally, aided by his ingenuity, had built it.

On the morning the story opens, Larry alias "Bugs" had risen earlier than usual to repair slight injury in his antennae. When he had mended the break he noticed dark clouds gathering overhead.

"Looks like a rip-snorter," he muttered to himself.

When the storm commenced he got out his shipping chart to see if any ships were near by.

"Wow! U. S. Mail Packet Detroiter off shore!" he exclaimed. "Let's see, what did I hear about that ship? Bringing valuable papers I remember."

According to Larry's chart it would be off the shore at five that afternoon.

"Bugs" had just finished his dinner when a tremendous bolt of lightning flashed down, followed by a deafening roar of thunder.

"Must have struck near by," called out Mrs. Seymour from the kitchen.

"I'll go down to the village and see. Besides I want to see Fred Keyes over to the government station."

Larry donned a nor'wester, jumped on his bicycle and was on his way to the village Looking around he failed to see any damage, such as could be caused by lightning. But upon entering the wireless station he was confronted by a wholly different situation.

Fred Keyes was working with his wireless set feverishly, between times trying to awaken someone on the telephone. When he spied Larry he gave a short cry of joy.

"For the love of Mike, go down and rouse out the life-savers will you?" he asked pleadingly. "The dinged wireless was struck by lightning and I can't seem to repair it. And what's more I've got an S. O. S. from the Detroiter just before the lightning struck. Her position was blotted out by that electric bolt. Go, will you, Larry?"

Half frantic Keyes pounded the wireless, but to no avail. Instead of going for the life-savers, Larry pedalled swiftly home.

After testing his key he sent out the call, "Det-Det-Det" until he received the "O. K." Then the Detroiter flashed in "S. O. S.—S. O. S.—S. O. S."
"O. K."—What's your position," returned "Bugs."

Larry jotted down the position as it was sent, flashed a "G. B." and jumped back on his wheel. It was not only a race of life or death but involved the rescuing of valuable papers from Europe.

How the Detroiter with all her crew and valuable cargo finally reached shore and how one "Bugs" Seymour received a letter of congratulations from the War Department together with a more substantial reward were the topics discussed by papers all over the country following that exciting episode in the young amateur's life.

R. C. Hubbell

### To Be or Not To Be

I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I cannot be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Be is a Hasn't Been,
But a Has was once an Are.
Also an Are is Is and Am,
A Was was all of these;
So I'd rather be a Has Been,
Than a Hasn't, if you please.

-Evelyn Gregory '21

### Ask The Ouija

If you've got a spiffy bonnet With a wreath of posies on it, That you want to wear to church next

Sunday morn;
If the weather's quite uncertain
Dark clouds hangin' round and smirkin',
And you don't know if to dare it,
If the weathers fit to wear it—
Ask the Ouija!
If you're feeling sort of funny,
And your nose is rather run-y,
And you want to sneeze and shiver all
the time;

If your eyes are wet and bleary,
Both your feet are cold, oh, dearie
Are you going to have the "flu," now?
Will you die, or pull-thru, somehow?
Ask the Ouija!
Oh it might be League of Nations
Or the awful cost of rations
That you'll -quiz the spooky "chatter-board"
about

But if your heart goes pitty-patty
Just remember, folks get batty
Over spirit warnings gruesome—
If you don't believe I'm truthsome
Ask the Ouija!

-Janet E. Burt, '21

### A Mountain Stream in Spring

A host of armed men
Leaping down the mountain side
In wild torrents,
Gliding regiments,
Swirling divisions,
Whirling companies,
Dashing cavalry,
Swish of sabers,
Rumble of artillery,
Foamy banner crests—
All in one made rush—
All with one purpose—
All with one goal—

The river.

-John T. Hopper '21

### Clouds at Sunset

How beautiful are the tinted clouds That float across the sky, Just as the sun is going down, And dusky night is nigh!

Fairy mountains, glowing pink, Golden and violet— Dream-like castles that slowly fade After the sun has set—

Clouds that look like lovely dreams Of wonders never seen— E'en in this lovliest month of all, When grass and trees are green!

How beautiful are the clouds in May In the light of the setting sun— But, lo,—the glorious dreams are gone, For now the day is done.

-Erminie Huntress '22





Miss Josephine Barbou, a sophomore at Wellesley College, has been honored by the college, being appointed to represent the school in economic investigation being conducted by the government. She is taking economics as one of her major studies. Miss Barbour was graduated from the Pittsfield high school in 1918.

John Frank of the class of '19 was a member of the cast of a ballet given by the students of Massachusetts Tech.

Mr. Stronach, a graduate of Pittsfield High and Boston University, has taken a position as assistant manager of a firm in the West Indies.

Mickey Marvin, former star athlete of Pittsfield High, made a short visit to Pittsfield recently. He was given a warm welcome by all the sport lovers of Pittsfield, who have not forgotten that Mickey was one of the cleanest and best athletes Pittsfield high ever had. Mickey now has a fine position in Brazil and is in their country on a combined business and pleasure trip.

John Power '19 has taken a position with the Fidelity Trust Company of New York.

Henry Rock and Roy Sundstrom, two of our former football men, has taken positions at the General Electric.

Charles and Joseph Fasce, two former Pittsfield high athletes, are making a name for themselves as all-around athletes at Allentown Prep.

The postgraduates have organized a ball team and intend, after putting in several weeks of hard practice, to challenge the freshman team.

-Frank J. Shields



### Young Men's Debating Club

The new officers of the Debating Club, who were elected for the last ten weeks of school are William Joyce, President; Francis Lutz, Vice-president, and Hyman Sandrow, Secretary. One of the most interesting debates heard in some time was the one on the subject, "Resolved—That the Irish Republic, be Recognized by the United States." The affirmative, Messrs. Shields Hopper and Joyce were awarded the decision over Messrs. Abbot, Barker and Silvernail, whom the judges commended for their good work. Other subjects that have been debated are Resolved—That Prohibition has Done More Good than Harm" and "Resolved—That Union men were justified in not working with non-union men."

At one of the meetings, after a discussion of presidential candidates, the following straw vote was cast.

First Choice		Second Ch	oice
Edwards	14	Edwards	12
Johnson	14	Wood	. 10
Hoover	8	Johnson	7
Wood	6	Hoover	4
Coolidge	2	Coolidge	2
Wilson	1	Hughes	1
	1	Walsh	1
	_	Lodge	1
	45	Lowden	1
		Blanks	6
			_
			45
			—H. S. '20

### Sophomore A

At a recent meeting William Shandoff, Jr. was elected Secretary, taking the place of Crawford Conant who will not return until next Fall.

The class also decided to have a Baseball Team, having about 16 candidates. Preparations are being made to organize the team and they will soon be in shape to play other classes.

### The Electrical Club

The Electrical Club is now meeting twice a week at the school and a large amount of progress has been made. The entire club is now studying wireless under the supervision of Mr. Harrington, a professional in the wireless game. A rotary spark gap is being made and plans have been drawn for a loose coupler.

In spite of the fact that the club is working on wireless, the X-ray group has succeeded in getting the X-ray machine working better than ever before.

Mr. Keaney is very well pleased with the progress the club is making.

-W. Durant '21

This month's issue of the "Pen" carries only a few class and club notes. Pourquoi? The staff expects, and rightfully, so, a full Students' Activities Department in each issue.

It seems as if club members were losing interest in some of the organizations during these last few weeks of school. For instance, the French Club isn't in existence at all—perhaps they croaked trying to talk frog language. The Current Events Club has nothing to say—and they are nearly all girls! Several other clubs or organizations are conspicuous by the absence of notes. Pupils should retain their interest in the various groups until the last day of school—which now, praised be Allah, is not far off. We can expect, and excuse, (the faculty will surely pardon us for these words), a falling-off in our interest in our studies (requiescant in pace), but towards our clubs, we should retain a loyalty that is strong from September to June.

H. S. '20



The Senior A class of the Commercial Division recently attended the performance of Verdi's opera, "Il Trovatore" at the Colonial Theatre. The party met at the Park and went from there to the theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Hulsman chaperoned the class. The money for this purpose was taken from the receipts of the lunch counter.

Four pupils from the Commercial department are on the Pro Merito List. They are: Honor—L. Isringhaus. Credit—M. Barnes, T. Meirowitz, and H. Pemble.

Robert Dillon and Irwin Conant have accepted positions in the National Drug Store.

Miss Marguerite Milne has recovered from her operation and is now spending a few weeks with relatives in Boston. Miss Milne will not return to school until next September.

The Senior Class now sells ice cream at recess.

Hyman Katz, George Garberino and Joseph Cooney are promising candidates for Semple's right field.

George Garberino promises to be one of Pittsfield High's best athletes in the coming years. This fact is probably due to some pointers he is getting from his brother, Dillon, who was one of the best known representatives of Pittsfield High's athletics.

Louise Barden has left school and is now employed in the pay roll department of the General Electric Company.

The Senior A's of the Commercial Department had their initials inscribed on their class rings and pins. The money for this purpose was taken from the receipts of the lunch counter.

Next year we will find a new institution in the Pittsfield High School of Commerce. Heretofore it has been a branch of the institution on the Common but the business course has become so popular in the last few years that it is doubtful if the Read Building will accommodate those who wish to enter in 1921.

James P. Goddeau is now employee in the Chemical Department of the General Electric Company.

Thomas Ganley, Bernard Fox and Robert Dillon were awarded P's for basketball.

George Garberino, star guard on last season's eleven, is umpiring the practice games of the P. H. S. baseball team on the Common, afternoons. His services are greatly appreciated by the players.

Raymond Quinn, star short-stop of last year's nine and who is now employed in the General Electric, recently fell through the skylight of the building in which he is employed, seriously injuring his left leg. He is rapidly recovering and it is hoped his injuries will not prove serious.

John F. Ford, teacher of Business English, is organizing a City Baseball League. Mr. Ford, who is a former Holy Cross star athlete, supervised the City League which was so successful last summer.

"Trigger," the faithful Airedale belonging to Mr. Barry, was shot by some unknown person during the "Be Kind to Animals Week." "Trigger" is slowly recovering but will probably never be seen around the building again.

E. L. Abare has taken a position afternoons, as office assistant at the Orr Motor Company.

Mildred and Nora Perry have taken positions afternoons with the General Electric Company.

Rose Jaffe and Bertha Evzerow are working afternoons in Bence's Drug Store.

#### Remington Awards:

Cobb, Doris	26.6 Net Speed
Flynn, Mary H.	29.9 Net Speed
Stearns, Mildred	28.8 Net Speed
Bouteiller, B	27.7 Net Speed
Meirowitz Theresa	40.2 Net Speed

#### Underwood Awards:

varus.	
Abare, Emilie L.	40.3 Net Speed
Bligh, Harriet	41.5 Net Speed
Cheyne, Annie	40.3 Net Speed
Dansereau, Flora	40.8 Net Speed
Hesse, John	42.5 Net Speed
Levinson, Sadie	43.5 Net Speed
Unbehend_ Vera	43.8 Net Speed
Sargent, Marion	40.9 Net Speed

Hot!

One of my favorite sports on a hot summer's day is that of having a ride. The vehicle offering such an opportunity may be an automobile, wagon, or wheelbarrow—I care not.

It is not strange, then, that one hot afternoon, after much coaxing of the driver, I climbed the low steps of a fish cart. Perched beside the driver, a greasy looking fish peddler, I accompanied him on his trading route which led through that dirty section of New York City called the "East Side." I cannot say that I enjoyed the ride, for inhaling the smell of fish on a warm day, is not what one is likely to call delightful.

Now the "East Side" of the great Empire City has a mixture of every nationality on the globe inhabiting its dirty houses. At least one person from every nation in the world can be found in the "East Side." Everyone of them has a particular method of "keeping cool," just as every one has a particular method of eating and drinking. Some people, when drinking or eating soup, accompany the action by a little song made by transferring the soup from the spoon to the mouth. This method is sarcastically called "music while you eat."

As our little party moved slowly down a side street, I noticed a group of children around a city hydrant. One youngster, in bathing tights, had a large hammer with which he was pounding on the nozzle of the hydrant. Finally, after a great deal of work, the nozzle broke off and a great stream of water burst out upon the delighted children, making them look like drowned rats.

The fish peddler and I were the only sufferers of this "cool" incident, for the water burst unexpectedly upon us while we were passing the hydrant and we received a thorough wetting. Although the water must have cooled the peddler's perspiring body, it did not dampen his temper for, upon receiving the wetting, he let forth such a volley of oaths that even the horse pricked up his ears in wonder.

There were other methods used in the "cooling process" on the "East Side" but none was so unusual as this one. I shall never forget a "hot" day on the "East Side."

-Charlotte Guerdon '22

### **SCRAPS**

### Wanted

By William Stack-an invaluable dog.

An umbrella for Joe Cooney. He is so interested in baseball that he forgets to come in when it rains.

By a sophomore in one of Mr. Wraught's penmanship classes— a C. If there are no more C's, an A would be quite satisfactory.

### Personal Efficiency Score

A high-school teacher in New Hampshire. Miss Florence R. Keely, has worked out a "High-School Students' Efficiency Score." The tests and questions are worth while, and form a self-examination which will prove interesting.

According to your age and height, is your weight up to standard?

Do you take part in out-door sports, or otherwise spend two hours a day out-of-doors?

Do you play some musical instrument or draw? Or have you a hobby which will be of lasting benefit to you?

Do you use carpenter's tools or garden tools, needle and thread or cooking utensils?

Have you daily work to do for your father or mother?

Do you examine regularly three magazines?

Are you well acquainted with the lives of the four men or women you admire most?

Do you read at least one standard book a month?

Do you make and keep friends?

Do you give careful attention to your personal appearance?

Is your language always clean?

Do you keep an expense account?

A bank account?

Do you try to be prompt, dependable, accurate, courteous, thoughtful?

Do you make eighty-five per cent in four regular studies?

Are you thinking seriously about your life work and how you will prepare for it?

Do you take active part in some organization for social betterment?



A varied and interesting set of publications has been received this month. The Student's Pen gratefully acknowledges the following:

The Roman, Rome, Georgia.

The High School Recorder, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Cumtex, Alexandria, La.

Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.

Tech Life. Springfield, Mass.

The Criterion, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Williams Record, Williamstown, Mass.

The Pelican, Pelican Rapids, Minnesota.

The Oracle, Bangor Maine—Your paper, which we consider one of our best exchanges is always received with delight. The Poem, "Adventure" is truly refreshing and remarkable. The "Sketches for Freshmen" contain real humor.

The Magpie, Waterbury, Conn —You have on the whole an interesting paper.

In proportion to the rest of your paper, the Literary Department is too prolonged. We thought the story, "Michel" in the February issue excellent. It portrays a touching tragedy in an appealing manner.

The Messenger, Townshend, Vt.—Your paper interested us considerably. However, we have a suggestion to offer. Your method of combining Class interests and literary matter into one department produces a somewhat ambiguous effect. It would be far better, we believe, to have two separate departments.

The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.—You have a well balanced paper. We liked especially the way you present your "School Notes," They were snappy and to the point.

The Orange, White Plains, N. Y.—We thought the page containing the list of contents very attractively arranged. Your jokes were very amusing.

The Catamount, Bennington, Vt.—The Editorial found in the March issue contained splendid thought. My search for an Exchange Department was in vain. Where could it have been?

### Here and There from Other Papers

"Little boy" asked the well meaning reformer, "is that your mama over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bright lad.

"Well do you know what animal has been made to suffer to adorn your mama so proudly?"

"Yes, sir, my papa."

18

Teacher—What is a polygon? Pupil—Oh, a dead parrot, of course.

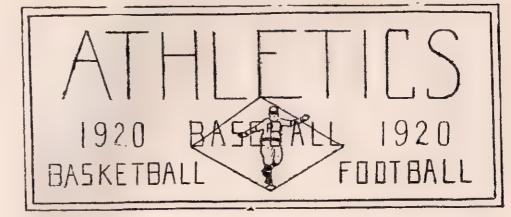
Freshie—Know what newspapers die of? Soph—"No."

Freshie-Poor circulation.

A retail dealer in buggies, doing business in one of the larger towns in northern Indiana, wrote to a firm in the East, ordering a carload of buggies. The firm wired him—"Cannot ship buggies until you pay for your last assignment.

"Unable to wait so long," telegraphed the buggy dealer, "cancel the order."

-B. M. Rowan '21



Pittsfield high started its baseball season in fine fashion, winning the first two games in succession, the third being postponed on account of rain. Adams was our first victim and she lost to the tune of 8 to 2. Next we played Williamstown and Hunt, our star, out pitched Judge of Williamstown easily. Jacob's triple put that game away for us. The final score was 6 to 1. Pittsfield High looks like a winner this year.

Pittsfield High has a hard schedule for the last four weeks of school. On May 31, Lenox plays Pittsfield High at Wahconah Park in the morning. On June 5 Dalton plays here and June 12 Pittsfield plays Drury its return game. On the 19th Williamstown comes to Pittsfield and the following week Pittsfield winds up her season with a game at Dalton June 26. At this moment, it looks as if Dalton and Pittsfield High might decide the baseball championship on the last date of the schedule. At the time this issue of the Pen goes to press Dalton and Pittsfield High stand tied for first place, both winning two and losing none. Below is the High School League Standing today.

Won	Lost	Pct.
2	0	1.000
. 2	0	1.000
1	2	.333
1	2	.333
0	2	.000
	. 2	2 0 2 0 1 2 1 2

Except in the Drury game the much heralded Judge of Williamstown has proved but a six inning pitcher. Hunt and Gilbert of the leading schools, on the other hand, look as if they could work on the mound for 12 or 15 innings without any dire effects.

In our second game, of basketball with Searles, played in Great Barrington, March 12 we lost a hard game 39-20. Hull was high scorer, getting seven baskets from the floor. Ganley also played well, getting five double counters.

In the first of the games for the county we received a severe beating at the hands of Adams. The game was played on a very slippery floor but despite this our boys played well and much credit is due them. Wagenknecht's playing was prominent throughout the whole contest.

Dalton won the trophy presented by the Alumni of R. P. I. in a very close game by defeating Adams 20-19. Price starred for Dalton, getting four from the the floor and eight from the foul line while Wagenknecht played well for Adams sinking two from the floor and nine from the foul line.

In the last game of the season P. H. S. ran away from Lenox scoring a 25-8 victory. Ganley was in a large measure responsible for this victory as he sank five double counters.

The following is a summary of all games played this season. Out of the twenty P. H. S. won twelve and lost eight.

7	Team	P. H. S.	Opp.
	Drury	28	14
	Albany	20	11
	Searles	33	16
	Dalton	13	15
	Northampton	5	28
	Adams	20	19
	Adams	15	21
	Dalton	17	15
	Dalton	9	13
	Drury	11	20
	Albany	37	16
	Adams	23	12
	St. Joseph's	10	12
	St. Joseph's	30	21
	Drury	20	11
	Lenox	28	19
	St. Joseph's	14	9
	Searles	. 20	39
	Adams	10	21
	Lenox	25	8
	Total		
		388	340

The following received their letters, for basketball, which was a white P on a purple background.

Charles Bouteiller, Harry Burns, manager, Robert Dillon, Joseph Dolphin, Bernard Fox, Thomas Granley, Carlton Hunt, Bernard Lincoln, Frank Mangan, John Naughton, William Weltman, and Coach Charles Knight.

Thomas Ganley has been elected captain of next year's five. Many wishes for a good season for Tom.



### And at the Dance

One Type-

"I just love to dance and oh! that music thrills—thanks awfully—hello, you know I've been crazy to meet you—what? last summer?—why!—thanks awfully—if it isn't dear old Jack; you know I'd—thanks awfully—hello, how are you?—like—thanks awfully—yes, these slippers are—thanks awfully so here you are at last—is my hair all—thanks awfully—etc."

#### And Another—

"There goes the music. I love this tune, don't you? . . . . Thank you for the pleasant dance, I must run to auntie now."

-Yale Record.

Chaperone (in taxi after Prom)—"Mr. Smith, what is the most useless thing you can name?"

Intense silence.

Bramble (returned from war —"Carolyn, I thought you said you'd be true to me, and now you've gone and married that other fellow."

Miss J.—"True! what about all those big Bertha's you said you had dates with overthere?

Mr. Sylvester-"Hynes, can you recite any of this proposition?"

Hynes—"Yes, sir, but . . . ."

Mr. S.—"All right then, let's hear what you know of it."

Hynes-"Q. E. D."

Brownell (to play producer)—"Have you any opening here for a first-class playwright?"

Producer—"Yes, you just came thru it."

23

### Can You Imagine

Helen Keefe-—not in a hurry?
Arthur Rosenbaum—getting a lesson?
Elaine Gamwell—tongue tied?
"Pink" Mangan—Not bluffing?
Herbert Lasch—without an excuse?
Evelyn Lear—without George?
Ethel Wolff—in a gingham apron?
Tommy Killian—in long trousers?

### Comments

1. Nobody is justified in objecting to pay \$10 for a shoe, but the trouble is that most people wear two.

2. Never argue with a man over seventy years of age, or with a woman of any age.

3. Don't chase time or you are liable to get it-in Sing-Sing.

4. A man is supposed to have back bone for himself and a ham bone for the rest of the family.

Burns—"Can a person be punished for something he didn't do?"
Teacher—Certainly not"
Burns—"Then I didn't do my geometry."

Teacher—"Your answer is about as clear as mud." Kenyon—"Well, that covers the ground doesn't it?"

Foss—"I hear your father is sick. Is the malady contagious?" Burns—"I hope not. He is suffering from over-work."

Impatient Teacher—"I wish I were your mother for a while." Child—"All right, I'll see father about it."

Morin (showing a likeness of himself on a donkey)—"Isn't it agood likeness?"

Barber—"Fair, but who is that on your back?"

Miss Bates (indicating a picture of a pretty girl)—"Killian, describe this in Spanish."

Killian— "Ella es . . . . . peacherino.?!"

Freshmen—Irresponsible Sophomores—Irrepressible Juniors—Irresistable Seniors—Irreproachable

Teacher-"James what shape is the earth?"

James - "Round."

Teacher- "But how do you know? Are you sure?"

James (yawning)- "All right then, it's square. I don't want to start any argument."

Mr. Moon—"We read in Woolley's Hand Book that high flown language should not be used for plain things. Can you give some example of high-flown language?"

Conant—"Well, if I should call you "professor"—that would be high-flown."

Miss Baker—"During the war the American sailors suffered greatly because they were not allowed to ask 'why'. Mr. Barry, if I should tell you to hack this building with a knife, you would ask 'why,' wouldn't you?"

Berry—"Oh no, I wouldn't I'd do it."

Teacher—"Dillon, why were you absent yesterday?"

Dillon—"Well, Mr. Hulsman said next time I was late to take a vacation—so—I—did."



Dragging anyone to the prom?"

"Nope, she's able and perfectly willing."

Morin (showing a picture of himself on a donkey)—"Isn't it a good likeness?"

Barber—"Yes, but who's that on your back?

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B. H.—"Why can't H. O. be the formula for hydrogen peroxide?" R. P.—"Because it's a cereal."

Mr. Hulsman (in auditorium)—"I want it to be so quiet that I can hear a pin drop."

Freshman (in balcony—)"Let 'er drop."

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### ADVERTISEMENTS

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I am A fool. I told my Girl, The old One. About the Two things I liked About her, "What are They?" she Asked. "My arms" I answered. Going home She said "What did You say You liked About me?" And I Lost My nerve.



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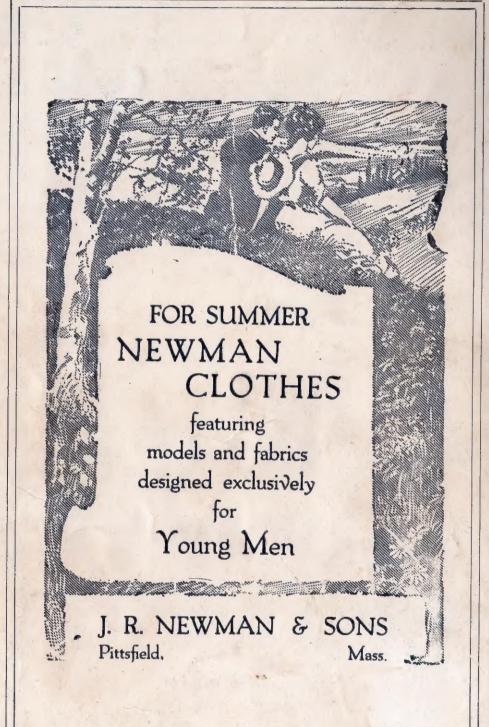
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